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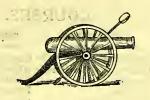
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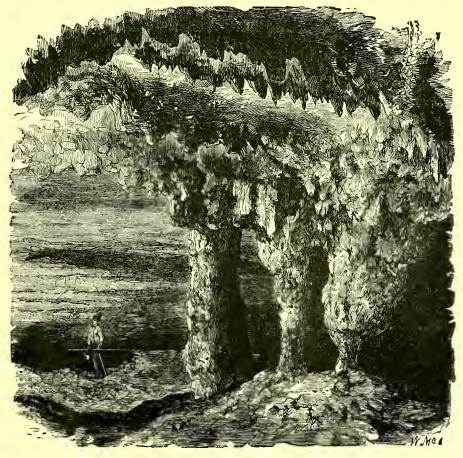
Vol. XXXIII. SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1898.

No. 18.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE IN KENTUCKY.

THE Mammoth Cave is the largest known to exist in the crust of the globe, and is situated in Kentucky, 130 miles south-west of Lexington. It is entered

from the banks of the Geen River, a tributary of the Ohio, and appears itself to have been excavated by some ancient river in some long by-gone age of the world. It consists of a succession



SCENE IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

of caverns of various dimensions, with intervening passages, and has been penetrated by curious explorers to a distance of ten miles. The country round is richly wooded and cultivated, and the fissure, twenty feet high by thirty wide, which forms the entrance to the cave, and is in the side of a lime-stone hill, is half concealed by festoon-work of leaves and flowers. Here there are in daily attendance a number of chartered guides, who, provided each with a number of miners' lamps, are ready to direct and show the tourist through the labyrinth.

Choosing, and accompanied by, one of these guides, you enter this underground region, and, descending some sixty paces, find yourself in a lofty cavern, or rather gallery, sixty feet wide and half a mile long, which, in consequence of the millions of bats which cluster here, is called after the great ornithologist, the Hall of Audubon. gallery is chiefly remarkable for its length, its level floor, and the saltpetre wrought out of it in the beginning of the present century. Arrived at the further end of it, you find you have been conducted by it into a spacious amphitheatre, not inaptly denominated the Rotunda, one hundred feet high and one hundred and seventy-five feet wide, and from which branch off in various directions numerous corridors. Entering by one of these, you are led down a pretty rapid slope into a chamber three hundred feet in circumference, the lofty roof of which is arched like the nave of a cathedral, and supported, as it were, by stalactites resembling cathedral pillars. This cavern bears the name of the Gothic Church, which, that the resemblance might be complete, Nature has provided with stalls and even a pulpit, whence, it is said, once and again, Christian ministers have preached the Gospel. These pillars, pulpit, etc., have been formed, in the course of long ages, by water dropping continually from, or rather through the roof, charged with particles of lime and flint, which, as they adhere to the top, depend like icicles, or, harden at the floor, rise into columns. Such formations, when suspended from the roof, are called stalactites, and when rising from the floor, stalagmites; and these often result in producing forms strongly similar to those organized by living nature and elaborated by art.

The avenue called the Gothic-as heing no less rich in fantastic shapes, borrowed, as it were, from the Gothic model-by which you retire from the church, conducts, through a succession of corridors, into what is called the Chamber of Ghosts. This compartment of the cave is so named because of the immense number of mummies found in it when it was first explored; the only relics, it is thought, of a tribe of Indians long since vanished from the earth. Stangely, this which had once and for centuries been a silent place of skulls, was sometime since the most animated and best illuminated quarter of the whole cave, frequented as it happened to be, by a colony of consumptives who took up their abode there. The purity of the air in the cave it was believed would cure them, but it did not have the desired effect. The absence of sunlight counteracted the benefit derived from breathing pure air. How it occurs that the air is so pure is not understood, but it is believed that the air gets into the cave after first being drawn through water.

Quitting the Chamber of Ghosts, your way is narrow, tortuous, and often steep. First you descend by a series of ladders, then you cross a chasm by a

wooden bridge of the most frail, rickety structure, and are soon involved in the coils of a labyrinth winding and again winding upon itself. At length the passage grows straighter indeed, but the roof lower and lower, until not even stooping will suffice, and you must go down and creep along on all fours. passage, which some of our negro friends probably have called the Valley of Humility, terminates in a sort of balcony, to which has been given the name of the Devil's Chair. This chair is a recess cut out in the side of a perpendicular rock, and provided with a window, from which you look down into an abyss called the Bottomless Pit. The wall in which the balcony, or chair, has been formed is one of the sides of this pit, and is doubtless the brow of the precipice over which once dashed the waters of some extinct Niagara. The abyss yawns gloomy and vacant in the lamp-light both above and below, only darkness visible all around. Bits of paper twisted and dipped in oil, are kindled by the guides, and thrown in, but they keep falling as long as they continue burning, and seem no nearer the bottom when they go out than when they were lighted.

From the verge of this horrid gulf your guides next conduct you, by a succession of ups and downs, to what they call the Mammoth Done. This is a cavern of immense extent, with a cupola, or dome-like roof, nearly four hundred feet in height, and the vault of which is lost in so dense a darkness as to be invisible even under the light of multiplied torches. A stone of even moderate size, detached from this roof, would, you are told, quickly despatch you, if you happened to be below it, an announcement under which you feel no inclination to tarry longer, and you willingly follow vour guide as he precedes you by a path which rises winding to the summit of this dome. Arrived at its lower margin, you look up, and lo, you behold a vault, dark as night, studded all over with starlike fire. This, your guide tells you, is the Star-chamber, while you, as you gaze up, can hardly persuade yourself you are not standing under the firmament of night itself.

Passing from the star-chamber, you skirt the shores of a lake some fifty feet long and thirty feet broad, which you are gravely told is the Dead Sea; and byand-by, you stand arrested on the banks of a river. It rolls on, at a depth of three hundred feet below the earth's surface above, between banks which are thirty feet apart, in a volume of water forty feet deep, and about five hundred feet onward dives suddenly out of sight veiled in its going, as in its coming, like the mystery of life itself. The boat it is meant you should enter; and as you commit yourself to it, your guide, as he pushes it off and paddles away, horrifies you with strange sounds, which come back upon you from the vaults and passages. After an hour's sailing on this nether river, in which, by the way, you are told anglers have caught two kinds of fishes, one with eyes but without vision, and another with no eyes at all, only marks, you disembark at length at the further end on a bank of fine sand, where you can clearly perceive traces of higher water-levels. Onwards a little further you alight upon a small sulphur spring, and then by the Cleveland Avenue, whose walls seem wrought all over with a delicate fretwork of flowers, you are at length ushered into what, from the snowy whiteness of its walls, obtains distinction among entities as the Snow-Ballroom. From this, by paths now wide, now narrow, now smooth and level, now steep and rugged, you pursue your way, and arrive at length at a range of rocks lying athwart your course, which you see must have fallen detached from the vault above; and as you ascend and descend, you are given to understand are nothing less than the Rocky Mountains. These you cross, not merely for the sake of crossing, but to see the farfamed Fairy Grotto which lies beyond. This grotto, when you enter and inspect it, you find a fairy realm of pillars and arches which, as the sonorous dropping all around testify, are still unfinished.

At the further extremity of this room, as it is called, a group of stalactites may be seen, which, in their curvings and inclinations, are an exquiste imitation, as in alabaster, of an Oriental palm-tree, from the top of which the jet is still in play, under whose dropping and runnings this glittering arabesque is being formed. Thus far, it seems, you have penetrated to a depth of above nine miles; and your journey hither and back, you need not be astonished should it occupy ten hours.

SMALL TEMPTATIONS.

SATAN seldom comes to a Christian with great temptations, or with a temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together and they are very safe neighbors; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log in the midst of them, and you will get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. There is no great harm in this, no great peril in that, and so by these little chips we are first lighted up, and at last the green log is burned.

MISSIONARY LIFE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 592.)

PROVIDENTIAL AID RECEIVED.

AFTER accepting a call to fulfill a mission, Elders sometimes find they are without the necessary funds at hand to carry them to their destination. But the assurance that prompts them to respond to the call also gives them confidence that this difficulty can be met and overcome in some way. The feeling that "where there's a will there's a way" seems to actuate their whole being, and very seldom if ever are they disappointed in their expectations.

A few years ago a young man was called to fulfill a mision and had reported himself as being willing to go. He hastily prepared to start by paying what debts he was owing and providing some things that his family was in need of, after which he found that he had no means left for paying his way to his destination, which was in a foreign country, and the time set for his departure was near at hand. A few days previous to the time of leaving, an acquaintance met him, and during the conversation that ensued the missionary informed his friend of his call to take a mission, but said nothing about his circumstances financially. Before parting the young friend handed the missionary a silver coin with this remark: "Here, I want to give you this to help you along; and you will find that others will help you, as I found in my experience when about to go on a mission a few years ago."

This was the first piece of money he had received to aid him on his way, but, true to his friend's words, others helped him, and money came from several sources where he did not expect

anything, and had no reason to expect it. The result was that on the day of his departure he not only had enough to pay his way but sufficient to meet necessary expenses while away for the first year of his mission.

In the Life of John Taylor is related an interesting episode which shows how he was helped when in need of funds to pay his way across the ocean. It was in the year 1839, just after the Saints had been driven in a body from their homes in Missouri. Apostle Taylor, with others of his quorum, had been called as a missionary to England. With much difficulty, owing to sickness, he made his way to New York, but without means to proceed any farther. His experience in New York is here given as recorded in his biography:

"When Elder Taylor arrived in New York, Elder Woodruff had been there some time, and was all impatience to embark for England, but as yet the former had no means with which to pay for his ocean passage. Although supplied with all the means necessary on his journey thus far, after paying his cabfare to the house of Brother Pratt he had but one cent left. Still he was the last man on earth to plead poverty, and in answer to inquiries of some of the brethren as to his financial circumstances, he replied that he had plenty of money.

"This was reported to Brother Pratt, who the next day approached Elder Taylor on the subject:

"Elder Pratt: 'Brother Taylor, I hear you have plenty of money?'

"Elder Taylor: 'Yes, Brother Pratt, that's true.'

"Elder Pratt: 'Well, I am about to publish my 'Voice of Warning' and 'Millennial Poems,' I am very much in need of money, and if you could furnish me two or three hundred dollars I should be very much obliged.'

"Elder Taylor: 'Well Brother Parley, you are welcome to anything I have, if it will be of service to you.'

"Elder Pratt: 'I never saw the time when means would be more acceptable.'

"Elder Taylor: 'Then you are welcome to all I have.'

"And putting his hand into his pocket Elder Taylor gave him his copper cent. A laugh followed.

"'But I thought you gave it out that you had plenty of money,' said Parley.

"'Yes, so I have,' replied Elder Taylor. 'I am well clothed, you furnish me plenty to eat and drink and good lodging; with all these things and a penny over, as I owe nothing, is not that plenty?'

"That evening at a council meeting Elder Pratt proposed that the brethren assist Elder Taylor with means to pay his passage to England as Brother Woodruff was prepared and desired to go. To this Elder Taylor objected and told the brethren if they had anything to give to let Parley have it, as he had a family to support and needed means for publishing. At the close of the meeting Elder Woodruff expressed his regret at the course taken by Elder Taylor, as he had been waiting for him, and at last had engaged his passage.

"Elder Taylor: 'Well Brother Woodruff, if you think it best for me to go, I will accompany you.'

"Elder Woodruff: 'But where will you get the money?'

"Elder Taylor: 'Oh, there will be no difficulty about that. Go and take a passage for me on your vessel, and I will furnish you the means.'

"A Brother Theodore Turley, hearing the above conversation, and thinking that Elder Taylor had resources unknown to himself or Brother Woodruff, said: 'I wish I could go with you, I would do your cooking and wait on you.'

"The passage to be secured was in the steerage—these missionaries were not going on flowery beds of ease hence the necessity of such service as Brother Turley proposed rendering. In answer to this appeal, Elder Taylor told Brother Woodruff to take a passage for Brother Turley also.

"At the time of making these arrangements Elder Taylor had no money, but the Spirit had whispered him that means would be forthcoming, and when had that still, small voice failed him! In that he trusted, and he did not trust in vain. Although he did not ask for a penny of anyone, from various persons in voluntary donations he received money enough to meet his engagements for the passage of himself and Brother Turley, but no more."

LEAVING HOME.

One of the first trying experiences a missionary has to endure is that of tearing himself away from his family. The expression "tearing himself away" is not describing too strongly the painful feeling of such an ordeal, for to many this is no trifling experience: it is like tearing one's heartstrings to undergo it. and he feels almost as though he were purposelessly inflicting most cruel torture upon his loved ones regardless of their appeals for mercy. But feeling that it is a call from the Lord that prompts him to do this, he is strengthened to endure the severe but fortunately short trial. One can perhaps imagine to some extent how painful was such a parting as the one described by the late President Heber C. Kimball. It occurred about the same time as the incident related above in the experience of President John Taylor when called to fill a mission to England. Apostle Kimball was called to the same mission. It was but a short time after the Saints first settled in Nauvoo, Illinois, and they were poor and destitute, and owing to exposure and an unhealthy place of refuge these missionaries and their families were in poor health. Elder Kimball depicts his leave-taking as follows:

"During the night of August 23rd, 1839, my son, David Patten, was born in Commerce, in the log cabin I had put up at the end of the Bozier house. We had a heavy thunderstorm that night, but the hand of the Lord was over us. As soon as my wife was able I moved my family into the new log house that I had built.

"September 14th, President Brighani Young left his home at Montrose to start on the mission to England. He was so sick that he was unable to go to the Mississippi, a distance of thirty rods. without assistance. After he had crossed the river he rode behind Israel Barlow on his horse to my house, where he continued sick until the 18th. He left his wife sick with a babe only three weeks old, and all his other children were sick and unable to wait upon each other. Not one soul of them was able to go to the well for a pail of water, and they were without a second suit to their backs, for the mob in Missouri had taken nearly all he had. On the 17th Sister Mary Ann Young gor a boy to carry her up in his wagon to my house, that she might nurse and comfort Brother Brigham to the hour of starting.

"September 18th, Charles Hubbard sent his boy with a wagon and span of horses to my house; our trunks were put into the wagon by some brethren; I went to my bed and shook hands with my wife who was then shaking with a chill, having two children lying sick by her side; I embraced her and my children, and bade them farewell. My only well child was little Heber P., and it was with difficulty he could carry a couple of quarts of water at a time, to assist in quenching their thirst.

"It was with difficulty we got into the wagon, and started down the hill about ten rods; it appeared to me as though my very inmost parts would melt within me at leaving my family in such a condition, as it were almost in the arms of death. I felt as though I could not endure it. I asked the teamster to stop, and said to Brother Brigham, 'This is pretty tough, isn't it; let's rise up and give them a cheer.' We arose, and swinging our hats three times over our heads, shouted: 'Hurrah, hurrah for Israel.' Vilate, hearing the noise, arose from her bed and came to the door. She had a smile on her face. Vilate and Mary Ann Young cried out to us: 'Good bye, God bless you.' We returned the compliment, and then told the driver to go ahead. After this I felt a spirit of joy and gratitude, having had the satisfaction of seeing my wife standing upon her feet, instead of leaving her in bed, knowing well that I should not see them again for two or three years."

THE JOURNEY.

Usually missionaries go to their fields of labor in small companies, and after the acute pangs of parting with loved ones are somewhat assuaged they enjoy their travels. The new scenes constantly coming within view help to divert their minds from the thoughts of home. If they have a long distance to travel to reach their destination, and

especially when they have to cross the ocean, they find time to seriously consider the nature of the duty before them. Then they begin, if they have not done so before, to realize the necessity of depending upon the Lord for guidance and aid.

If they have to cross the great deep and should they become sea-sick they are liable to feel that their troubles are increasing in number and severity; but if their sea-sickness is of an extreme type it banishes all other troubles. They have no hope nor fear of the future and the past is entirely forgotten. All they can think of is the awful The more severe their sickness the sooner it is ended, and their recovery is so rapid that it causes astonishment, and they wonder how it was possible for them to feel so ill through such a trifling cause. In a few days nothing is left of the dreadful sensation but a recollection as of an unpleasant dream.

E. F. Parry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE largest freight train ever hauled anywhere in the world ran over the Pennsylvania railroad a short time since. It was made up of one hundred and thirty cars of Amboy coal, which made a train 3,877 feet in length, a trifle less than three-quarters of a mile. The total weight of the train behind the tender of the engine was 5,212 tons, of which 3,693 tons was the weight of the coal. A single engine hauled the enormous string of cars. This locomotive, which is conceded to be the largest in the world, weighs about one hundred and eighteen tons, and has demonstrated its title to be the strongest machine on wheels in the world.

IN THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

XVIII.

Among the environs of St. Petersburg are many places of interesting importance in a historical way, as they comprise a number of palaces and royal retreats of a minor order, some of which have been the scenes of notable events. Let us turn our attention to a few of them, noting the principal attractions which now exist rather than the lore of the past, with which almost every prominent place is associated.

Of first importance stands Peterhof, the site of the czar's summer residence. This is situated at about seventeen miles from the capital, in the direction of Kronstadt down the gulf. The carriage road, which is taken by most visitors in preference to the railway or the steamboat line, is bordered for the first four or five miles by residences, and then is continued through a succession of villas and other establishments of the wealthy, with copses and groves to relieve the monotony of the landscape.

A specially arranged visit of the geological congress to Peterhof was made at the express invitation of the czar. Under such distinguished auspices we were favored with facilities for full and expeditious observation such as are rarely enjoyed. The party was transferred by steamer, train, and droskies to the boundary of the palace park; there we were met by the Peterhof officials, and under their direction were taken in the imperial carriages through the grounds and to the palace itself. Most of these equipages were of the side seat drosky kind, much larger and far more elaborate than the ordinary vehicles of the sort, and each drawn by four magnificent horses running abreast. Harness, carriages, and the liveries of the drivers

were adorned with the imperial crest. Each of the coachmen displayed a large cocked hat, of odd pattern, decorated with a profusion of gold braid, and worn slantwise, producing a very grotesque effect. Our entertainment at Peterhof comprised an official reception, full liberty in the grounds, an inspection of the palace and other buildings, and a lunch in the czar's great dining room.

The palace is admirably situated on a small steepsided hill, facing the gulf, and commanding a sweeping water-view from the fortifications of Kronstadt to the western limits of St. Petersburg,



IMPERIAL PALACE, PETERHOF.

including several of the pretty islands; the whole being backed by the bold front of the Finland coast.

The grounds are laid out on a scale of royal magnificence; there are natural groves of majestic trees, artificial lakes, bridle paths and pretty promenades without number. The photograph of the exterior front view of the palace renders unnecessary any extended verbal description of the general appearance of this notable structure. An attempt has been made in the arrangement of buildings, grounds and ornaments, and par-

ticularly in the distribution of the fountains, to copy the corresponding features of Versailles; however, less can be said in praise of the imitation than of Peterhof itself; the place is worthy to rank as a prototype and as an example. There is a pleasing departure from the plan of the grounds of Versailles in the absence of all attempts at imitative sculpture wrought on trees and evergreen shrubs, which, while executed with marked skill in the famous French gardens is offensive to artistic taste.

The fountains in front of the palace constitute one of the glories of Peterhof. They are usually allowed to play only at night, and on fete-nights their beauty is enhanced by artificial illumination, to secure which numerous colored lamps are placed behind the jets and sheets of water. The most prominent of the fountains is called the Samson, from a colossal figure in bronze representing the biblical hero in the act of tearing apart the jaws of a lion, from whose open mouth the water shoots as a huge column to the height of eighty feet. Below this and extending through a vista of five hundred yards to the sea, are many other fountains, throwing vertical and horizontal jets in orderly profusion; the resulting streams pursue their course in numerous cascades over ledges of colored marble.

The interior of the palace is a scene of dazzling beauty from basement to top. An apartment that has been greatly praised is known as the hall of portraits; the walls are adorned with hundreds of panel paintings of Russian girls, professedly representing all the important types of feminine beauty which the empire can furnish. I confess my inability to admire the exhibit as some claim to do; the portraits are arranged with little taste; and, far from presenting dis-

tinct types, the collection shows the same face with varied position and dress.

The ball-room is of striking beauty. Except the richly inlaid floor, and the master-pieces of art displayed on the walls, the hall is finished in purest white. Yet, with all its splendor of appointment, this, as also every other room in the palace, is illuminated by the antiquated medium of wax candles.

Some readers will be interested, if through no other motive than that of curiosity, in the private apartments of this imperial abode, and of such, a



BALL ROOM IN PETERHOF PALACE.

sample is presented in the picture of the empress's boudoir.

Beside the palace, there are many other buildings of interest at Peterhof. We visited the imperial lapidary establishment which is almost palatial in its rich equipment. Here are shaped the finest of the urns, columns, vases, slabs, and small ornaments in precious stones, for display in the palaces and government buildings, and for state presents. At the time of our inspection, work was in progress on jasper, rock-crystal, serpentine, marble, porphyry, etc.

Then there is the Hermitage, in which

a famous dining-room was once maintained, with mechanical contrivances for removing the tables, and replacing them with others properly spread, without the appearance of a single attendant.



BOUDOIR OF THE EMPRESS, PETERHOF PALACE.

Another structure of interest, though almost insignificant in size and outward appearance is Monplasir, a residence of Peter the Great. The house reminded the Rev. Mr. Choules of an old Dutch farm-house, with the air of a home-like "snuggery." This is preserved in the condition of former days; and those who are interested in mere relics will have much gratification in a visit to the place; for there are shown the bed on which the great emperor breathed his last, his pillow, his nightcaps, the simple furniture that satisfied his wants, an ; even his slippers, boots, and chair and kept intact.

Peterhof is seen in its glory at the times of the annual fetes, the most important of which take place during the early part of July. On these occasions, according to the customs of olden times some of which are now entirely abandoned, the emperor held open house for all of his subjects who chose to partake

of his hospitality. Great throngs flocked to the place, the moujik and the nobleman alike welcome; the grounds were open to all, illuminated at night, and an army of servants, generally soldiers, was required for the single duty of keeping the lamps trimmed. Within the palace, the imperial family led the motley train in the dance.

Another favorite resort of the royal family is the palace of Czarsko-Selo, situated at a distance of fifteen miles from St. Petersburg. The railway connecting Czarsko with the capital was the first line constructed in Russia. The palace is an imposing pile, with a facade of twelve hundred feet, though the present appearance is somewhat uninviting, as the gilding with which the columns and other prominent features of the front were embellished has worn off, and the building has a decidedly patched look. The palace contains a number of notable rooms; among them



IMPERIAL PALACE AT CZARSKO-SELO.

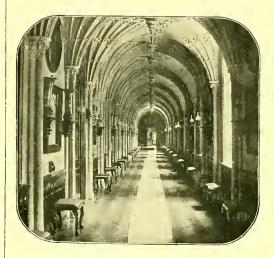
an apartment finished and decorated in amber. This costly material was presented to Catherine II. by Frederick the Great, whose emblem and arms, combined with "E," (the initial letter of Ekaterina, Russian for Catherine) appear in a multitude of combinations. Another room is richly adorned with lapis-lazuli, and in several of the apartments gold is laid on the walls with prodigal liberality. The chapel is decorated in gilded wood, and contains a number of curious paintings, as for example an illustration of a scriptural lesson showing a man with a huge wooden beam projecting from his eye, and a neighbor with a mote as big as a clenched fist obstructing his vision; the former endeavoring in an ineffectual way to help his afflicted fellow.

The view presented in the picture called the *Caprice* is a charming bit of artificial landscape making, the creation of which perpetuates the devotion of a rich courtier to his patron sovereign. It is said that the empress Catherine warmly praised a perspective scene which was shown in the course of a theatrical performance; her admiring



"CAPRICE" AT GATCHINA.

favorite, Count Orloff, had the representation realized by an actual construction on the ground at Czarsko-Selo at enormous expense, merely to gratify the passing whim of his imperial mistress. The Gatchina palace would be considered great, but for comparison with other larger and more elaborate establishments. It was erected in 1770. An interior view, showing one of the magnificent corridors is presented in the



CORRIDOR IN PALACE AT GATCHINA.

accompanying photograph. The chapel contains a variety of so-called sacred relics, and among them a fragment of wood claimed to be a piece of the cross on which the Christ suffered.

J. E. Talmage. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIGHT BETTER THAN DARKNESS.

TRUTH is every way better than error. Because this is so, it is better to emplasize one important truth than to denounce fifty dangerous errors. If a traveler be shown the right road to pursue, he has more practical help in his journeying than if he be told of fifty wrong ways that he must avoid, while still left in doubt as to the safe way. Letting in a single ray of clear sunlight gives more cheer in a room than trying to shut out a hundred tons of darkness. Oh, if men only realized this!—S. S. Times.

THE GOSPEL IN ANCIENT BRITAIN.

CHAPTER X.

Old King Cole—Helena—Constantius—Constantine: His Conversion to Christianity—The Discovery of the True Cross.

WHEN we have heard sung the rollicking ditty commencing:

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul,"

few of us supposed that he ever had an actual existence in flesh and blood, much less that he was the grandfather of Constantine the Great, the so-called first Christian emperor at Rome, and that indirectly, if not directly, he had much to do with Christianity in Britain.

According to many respectable authorities, as, in part, we have already shown, Bran was the father of Caradoc, Caradoc of Cyllin, Cyllin of Coel, Coel of Lucius, Lucius of Coel, Coel of Helena, and Helena was the mother of Constantine.* Coel ruled over that part of Britain known to moderns as Essex and Hertford_hire. His reign commenced A. D. 238.† Shortly afterwards, through his marriage with the princess Seradwin, North Wales was added to his dominions. By this marriage he had three children-Tibeon or Helena,§ Juala (Julia) and a son, Conan (Cenan

Helena was born, according to the most reliable authorities, in Colchester, Essex. The ancient record book of that city contains the following entry: A. D. 242 Helena filia Coelis nascitur in Colocestria." (A. D. 242 Helena, daughter

of Coel, was born in Colchester.)* Others claim her as a native of York, while still others deny that she was a native of Britain. † It is remarkable how many birth places, fathers and mothers many of the noted men and women of antiquity were blessed with, and even some not so very ancient, appear to have had more than the number of nativities permitted to ordinary mortals. According to her admirers Helena was a prodigy both in beauty and learning. We are informed that she was "deeply read in Hebrew, Greek and Latin lore." T When eighteen she was married to Constantius. § There is considerable romance and uncertainty about the marriage. Colchester at that time, so the story goes, was invested by a Roman army of which Constantius was the commander. Helena's nurse, to preserve her virtue from the lawless Roman soldiery, disguised her young mistress in humble attire as a poor maiden and concealed her in the house of a countryman. The chance of war conducted Constantius to her retreat, and he, charmed with her loveliness, carried her off. On discovering that she was the king's daughter he made her his Other accounts state that her son Constantine was born before she was married to Constantius, but it is certain that she was married to him. Being the daughter of a tributary British king she was not considered by the Romans the equal of her husband, which has probably been one of the causes which has thrown a cloud over her union, and has resulted in numerous

^{*} Harding, Kennet, Baronius, Lewis, Polydore, Baleus, and others assert that Helena was the daughter of Coel.

[†] Old Colchester Chronicle.

[‡]Sir John Price, Warrington, Rowlands.

[&]amp; Before her death she was known as the Empress Flavia Julia Helena Augusta. By some of the Welch writers she was called Ellen Lueddog.

^{*}Morants' Colchester, Baleus, Goeffery of Monmouth.

[†] Ambrose, Cedrenus, Nicephorus.

Caxton.

[§] Flavius Valerius Constantius was grand nephew of the Emperor Claudius Gathicus.

authors claiming that her marriage was not legal.* There seems no doubt that she was regarded by Constantius with great affection, and united with him in numerous works which he undertook for the improvement of Britain, and also accompanied him on his foreign wars.

One incident is related of two of the sons of this royal couple which as it relates to the brothers of Constantine These brothers may be of interest. quarreled, and in the quarrel the elder was killed. Constantine exiled the fratricide from Britain Lucius, (for such was his name) deeply repented and later embraced Christianity, and in course of time was ordained an elder, and then a bishop. After his brother Constantine's conversion, the latter promoted Lucius to several ecclesiastical positions, and he became known for his missionary zeal. He eventually fell a martyr to the faith as did one of his sisters, named Emerita.

Helena, however, was not to remain the wife of Constantius. Dioclesian and Maximian, the joint emperors agreed to elect two Cæsars as their colleagues, each of whom, by being appointed ruler over a certain portion of dominions belonging to them, should render assistance in preserving order over their extended empire. The persons on whom their choice fell were Galerius and Constantius, and to the proposed honor about to be conferred one only condition was affixed, one calculated to insure the dignity of those elected, that of each becoming the adopted son, or rather son-in-law, of the two emperors. It was previously determined by Dioclesian and Maximian, that in case of the newly created Cæsars being already married, they should repudiate their wives. and be left free to espouse the imperial brides destined for them. Flavia Theodora, daughter of Maximian's wife, by a former husband, was chosen for his bride. It is said that he hesitated long, and that the earnest soliciations of Helena alone decided him. As soon as the marriage was celebrated he was invested with the government of Spain, Gaul and Britain, with the enviable title of Cæsar, for which he had sacrificed so much (A. D. 292). His rule in Britain where he took up his abode was conspicuous for its moderation, and it is claimed that it was owing to his merciful disposition that the persecution of the Christians in the British Isles ended so quickly. Indeed it is asserted by some that Constantius was himself a Christian; * that he received the rite of baptism in the seventh year of his empire, Sylvester, † bishop of Rome, officiating. Certain it is that some of the family professed the faith. Whether Helena was a Christian at this time is very uncertain.

On the death of Constantius, Constantine succeeded him as Cæsar. Helena, who had lived in retirement since her husband's marriage with Theodora, joined him at York. She was in her fifty-fourth year when she thus became empressmother of Rome. Constantine caused her to be proclaimed Augusta in his armies and raised her at once to all the dignities of a Roman empress. He also had medals

^{*}Eusebius, Jerome, Bede, etc.

^{*} See Hall's Lives of the Queens of England.

[†]Sylvester was bishop of Rome from A. D. 314 to A. D. 336. If these dates are correct Constantius was baptized by him before he became bishop, as Constantius died in A. D. 306.

[‡]Constantia, a daughter of Constantius, by his wife Theodora, was a strong Ariau.

[∛] Butler, Green's Worcester, Seldon's Titles of Honor.

struck bearing her likeness, he admitted her to his councils, and placed her at the head of his exchequer. This vast power she used for the benefit of Britain and its people, as long as she remained on that island.

Helena's life was not altogether without blemish, much less was that of her son Constantine. It was disfigured with the crimes that ambition often brings. The story of his conversion to Christianity is doubtless familiar to most of our readers and does not properly belong to the history of the faith in Britain. This much, however, may be said that, according to statements generally accepted by church historians, Constantine before a battle with one of his enemies named Maxentius, earnestly implored, in prayer, the protection of the one supreme God. After his prayer, a little before noon, as he was traversing the country with a part of his army, he beheld in the sky a cross of light with the inscription, "By this shalt thou conquer." The following night he is said to have seen our Savior, who commanded him to make a representation of the cross which he had seen, and use it in battle. The emperor obeyed the divine command, and thus as early as the fourth century originated the famous banner called Labarum or Standard of the Cross, which wholly displaced the ancient standard of Rome. Lesly, bishop of Ross, reports a similar story respecting Hungus, king of the Picts. He states, that the night before the battle between Athelstan, king of Northumberland, and Hungus, king of the Picts, a bright cross, in the form of that whereon St. Andrew, the tutelar saint of Scotland, suffered martyrdom, appeared to Hungus, who, having gained the victory, ever after bore the figure of that cross on his banners. How much truth there is in either of these

stories we are not prepared to offer an opinion; undoubtedly the conversion of Constantine, whatever its cause, hastened the decay of the Christian church and gave rise to many new abuses and strengthened those already existing. As soon as Christianity became popular and powerful the little virtue that remained in it rapidly disappeared.

Whether Helena was a Christian before her son or not is a disputed point. Ambrose* conveys the idea that she was; Crevier, on the other hand, asserts that Helena had long been engaged in the superstitions of idolatry, and that it was the conversion of her son that brought her to Christianity, which she embraced with a sincere heart and enlightened mind, and apparently to her best knowledge was ever after a zealous defender of the faith. It is claimed that she wrote a number of treatises and epistles. among them one on "The Providence of God," another on "The Immortality of the Soul," all of which Ponticus says in his days were still extant.

At the advanced age of eighty, Helena undertook to discover the cross on which the Savior was crucified. In her travels she was not only attended by an imperial retinue, but by a large army withdrawn for that purpose from Britain. It is claimed by pious chroniclers that she undertook this journey in response to various visions and divine warnings which she had received. Of course the true cross was found, it would not have done for the empress to have failed. Henceforth she became St. Helena.

Many stories are in existence of the

^{*} Ambrose, born about A. D. 340, died in 397. A father of the Latin Church. He was elected A. D. 374, bishop of Milan before he was baptized. He was the champion of the Catholics against the Arians and pagans.

way the true cross was discovered, and they vary greatly in detail. It may readily be imagined that they are full of romance. One modern writer, Mrs. Matthew Hall, collects the various stories into the following shape:

"On her arrival at Jerusalem, Helena is said to have convened a large assembly of Jews, of whom she requested information concerning the spot of which she was in search. They refused to point it out; upon which Helena threatened to put them to death. On hearing this, they reluctantly confessed that Judas-an ominous name-one of their number, could give the necessary information. This man, however, who was really acquainted with the place, was as resolute as his brethren; and it was not till after he had passed several days without food in a dry cistern or pit, where he had been placed by order of Helena, that hunger conquered his resolution and he made known the secret, by leading the impatient empress to the spot. When arrived there, the search was by no means easy. The Emperor Adrian, who had delighted in the profanation of those sacred places, had, about 200 years before, buried under great heaps of earth the place where the holy sepulchre existed, not far distant from the spot of crucifixion, and had built upon a platform over the place, which was paved with stone, a temple to Venus, while above the sepulchre he had raised a statue of Jupiter.

"It was necessary to remove the whole of this edifice, and afterwards to clear away the mass of stones on which it rested, as a preliminary step to the necessary discovery; this done, they had to dig very deep to discover the former surface. No difficulties could, however, deter Helena from accomplish-

ing her pious object. After a vast quantity of earth had been removed, and all the rubbish of the building they had demolished, the sacred grot was discovered wherein the Lord's body had rested, and whence it had arisen in a glorified state.

"After they had dug a little deeper still, they discovered three crosses; and here a new and unexpected difficulty arose-for they could not determine which of these crosses was the one that had borne the Savior of man. The superscription was indeed found, but it was not attached to any one of them. Judas could not tell the queen which was the true cross and Macarius suggested that a miraculous proof should be demanded of God concerning its identity. The empress, the bishop, and others, therefore, went to the house of a lady of quality, who was very ill, in the city. On arriving there, the empress having herself made a prayer aloud, the bishop applied the crosses, and the sick person was restored instantly at the touch of the true cross."

Above the place where the cross was reported to have been found was built the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a church called the Church of the Ascension was also erected on the spot on the Mount of Olives whence our Redeemer is supposed to have ascended into heaven. As far as the empress is concerned, works almost without number of virtue and piety are attributed to her by early historians. She died shortly after her return from Palestine, but different writers give different dates, some stating it was A. D. 326, some in 327, others name 328.

George Reynolds.

THE love of goodness only becomes real by doing good.

STORIES ABOUT MR. GLADSTONE,

Many amusing anecdotes are told about trippers who have come across Mr. Gladstone in Hawarden Park busy with his ax, and watched him at work without perceiving his identity. On one occasion a couple of Lancashire "lads" while roaming in the park, saw a man at work felling a tree. "Hulloa, old chap, that's hard work, ain't it?" said they. "Yes," said Mr. Gladstone. "Dost think we shall stand a chance o' seeing Gladstone today?" "Oh, yes, I think you will see him today." Away they went to find him, never dreaming that already they had cast eyes upon the object of their search. On another occasion as he was felling a tree near the public road, an elderly man walked up to him and said, "Owd mon, let me have howd o' that ax." Mr. Gladstone at once handed it to him, and he chopped away with it, saying: "That's the way to use an ax. I've been used a good deal to this sort of a job 'tha knows." In a day or two after he found that he had been speaking to Mr. Gladstone, and made all haste to apologize for his rudeness. "No apology is needed," was the quiet reply.

Many amusing anecdotes are related of Mr. Gladstone's recontress in the neighborhood with people who did not know him. It is told that a Northrop carrier was once conveying a barrel of beer from Chester for a farmer living in Moor Lane, the entrance of which is close to one of Mr. Gladstone's lodges. Arriving at his spot, he stopped his horse, and was wondering how he could manage to get the barrel lowered, for he was to leave it by the lodge, as the farmer had agreed to fetch it from there himself. At this moment up came Mr. Gladstone with his ax upon his shoulder.

"Hey, old comrade," said he, "come

and give us a hand with this barrel." Without any hesitation the premier assisted him to lower it to the ground. "Now, old fellow," said the carrier, "if thou'll come up into the village I'll pay for a pint of the best for thee." "No, thank you. You are welcome to my assistance," said Mr. Gladstone, and walked away towards the castle, smiling. A villager, who was standing a little way off, then came up to the carrier and asked him if he knew who had been helping him. "No," was the reply. "Why," said the villager, "that was Mr. Gladstone!" "What a fool I be," said the carrier; "but he's a good old chap. He helped me, and thou knows he done it so willing like."—Family Herald.

FOOD AND HOT WEATHER.

A MAGAZINE called Good Health states that the illness people are accustomed to attribute to hot weather is due to eating improper kind of food for the season. It states that people look in the wrong direction for the prevention of human maladies. They seek to escape from the heat by going to what are called health resorts. This magazine recommends people to avoid overeating rather than overheating, as more die of the former than of the latter. It mentions a number of articles in common use which are especially unfit for food in summer time. Among them are alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, ice-cream soda, beefsteak, sausages, bacon, fried pork, lamb chops, saratoga chips, griddle cakes, etc. Babies, the writer adds, die of sour nursing bottles and soothing syrup rather than of heat.

There is much wisdom in the suggestions made in the above-mentioned journal. People would do well to pay attention to eating food that is wholesome and suitable for the season. Too often they eat such things as they have learned to like, regardless of the season, and without considering whether they are even fit for human food.

HIS OWN MISTAKE.

WE are called upon often to do work that is disagreeable and distasteful to us, work that we would be glad to get out of on almost any condition. And yet, there is almost sure to come a time when the training which the doing of the work gives us, will prove helpful and valuable to us. Whether, when that time comes, we rejoice or regret, depends upon whether we have done the distasteful work faithfully, or have found some way of getting out of it. The experience of a friend of the writer is interesting in this connection.

His father, who was a wood-turner by trade, had a small piece of land where he raised some fruit and vegetables. As he was busy during the day, the two boys. Edward and Henry, were expected to do a part of the gardening. Both disliked the work, but while Henry faithfully performed his allotted task day after day, Edward was always contriving some way to escape from his. Sometimes, when he had a little money in his pocket, he would hire Henry for a cent or two to do his part of the work in addition to his own. Sometimes Henry worked for a marble, or for an old pocket knife.

One day Edward's father asked him if he was doing his share of the work, and the arrangement was explained to him. "You don't mind, do you, father?" Edward asked. "It makes no difference to me, Edward, as long as the garden is cultivated." his father answered, "but I

think you are making a mistake. Even in the caring of a garden there is a training that can do you no harm, and that some day you may be glad to have had."

Some days later a neighbor came over to the house on a rather unusual errand. He had been called away on business, and would be gone some time. He had come over to see if he could engage either Edward or Henry to take care of his garden while he was away. The boys of that day did not have as many opportunities for earning money as those of today, and both Edward and Henry were quite willing to do the work for the price that was named. But their father said to the neighbor, "You'd better take Henry. He's been doing most of the work in our garden this season, and I think he understands better than Edward about the different vegetables and the sort of treatment they need. Edward dosn't like to work in a garden, anyway." So Henry had the chance, and during the neighbor's absence earned quite a tidy little sum, in addition to the reputation of being a good gardener for a boy. - Weekly Star.

THE heaviest substance known is called osmium, a bluish-white metal which was discovered ninety years ago in platinum ores. It is heavier than gold, and can only be slightly fused or melted with the most powerful electric arc light.

Among the curiosities of tropical plant life are the pearls found occasionally in the cocoa-nut palm of the Philippine Islands. These pearls like those of the ocean, are composed of carbonate of lime.

XX THE XX

Buvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SEMI-MONTHLY, - \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SEPT. 15, 1898.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

OUR DEPARTED PRESIDENT.

THE fourth man to preside over the Church of Jesus Christ in this dispensation-Wilford Woodruff-has now finished his labors on earth and has been called home to the presence of his God. Four score and eleven years he lived, and almost from the beginning he was made to suffer sorrow and hardship. Death robbed him, when a child, of his young mother, accidents broke his bones and tore his flesh, duty placed before him dangerous and wearisome roads, persecution sought to destroy him, Satan tempted his friends and co-workers to apostatize, and murderers slew his brethren, whom he loved dearer than life. Yet through all his toils and trials he never became embittered or morose. He was almost boyish in the freshness and simplicity of his heart. His was a happy life, for his own motives were always pure, and he never doubted for a moment that the Lord understands our conditions perfectly and is a true friend to those who sincerely seek Him.

Though Wilford Woodruff was not learned in worldly knowledge, savants looked up to him realizing that he possessed what scholarship does not give—character. He was never ambitious for fame or place, and yet he was continually appointed to positions of trust. In these he had opportunities to better his financial condition, but he was too independent and too rigidly

honest ever to use indirect means to aid himself. He provided his simple wants and those of his family by honorable toil. Association with him was always a pleasure; he was vigorous and direct in all he said and did, and still as gentle and as considerate of his companions as is a pure woman.

Wilford Woodruff gave himself to the service of God in early life. He began humbly as a Teacher in the Church. His humility and purity kept him faithful through all trials, and the Lord called him to higher positions. He passed through the grades of the Priesthood, regretting only that he was not first ordained a Deacon, until he became one of the Twelve Apostles. He was just as willing to obey counsel in this position as before, and he was never once known to murmur or to turn aside from the path of duty. When President John Taylor died President Woodruff was the senior member of his quorum. Not by virtue of holding that position, but because the Lord needed just such a man, he was called to the presidency of the Church. Circumstances have made his administration almost typical of his character,-strong and unyielding when the occasion required strength, but so gentle and wise that prejudice has almost vanished.

The man who has been our leader is a leader to us still, and will continue so to the faithful throughout eternity. To be sure, he cannot mingle with us in person now, but he is just as earnest a worker in the cause of Truth as he ever was in mortality. Now he is unfettered by any earthly bonds, and he can carry on his labors with greater activity; he is not, could not, be idle.

To Wilford Woodruff death was not an uncertain leap into the dark, it was only an important event in the life of a mighty soul. He was great in the spirit world and kept his first estate, he received a body and fulfilled a glorious probation on earth; for a time his spirit and body are separated, but not long hence on that radiant morning when Christ in splendor comes a second time to earth he will stand an immortal, glorified soul to meet his Master and reign with Him as king and priest throughout that immeasurable, eternal future.

TRUE SOURCE OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

A MOST comforting reflection in dreary days of sorrow and trouble is that God is sympathetic and will guide us rightly if we seek Him. Probably to all there have been times when the heavens seemed as brass and impenetrable to the most fervent prayers. No cause of the failure can be found, and yet it brings sadness with it and sometimes bitter disappointment. But we should never despair; it is only by continued trustfulness and real unceasing effort that we can make the Lord our friend.

Perhaps the most wholesome thing to do at such a time is to talk with a person of experience in God's dealings, or to read of them in the scriptures. Human nature is so much alike that the same difficulties come into many lives, and to know that they have been overcome once and to know how makes us take heart.

A young Elder in the Church related some time ago that he had been oppressed by a sudden trial that had come upon him. He could not believe it was through any fault of his, and yet it seemed to point out life-long unhappiness. He was sick at heart, for he had prayed earnestly about the matter and had received no direction as to what to

do. He felt almost as though the Lord had forgotten him.

He went to his quorum meeting one night and it happened that the time was given over to testimony bearing. Towards the close of the meeting an Elder, somewhat distinguished from the rest, arose. He was a tall man, in middle life, with a face beautiful in its expression of intelligence and uprightness, and he was blind.

He said he felt impressed to speak of his past life, although it was a subject unusual for him, and he asked pardon of the brethren for referring to it. was born in Sweden of an honorable family, and had high connections on both father's and mother's side. When he was about thirteen years old there appeared in the neighborhood two Mormon mis-They were ill-treated and sionaries. hounded from place to place. His father who was a just man and loved to champion the oppressed, gave them his friendship. They preached the Gospel to him and he believed and was baptized, although his wife, children and friends considered him deceived.

The father at length decided to emigrate from his native land, and shortly before leaving called a meeting of all his relatives at the old home of his parents. The great, old fashioned rooms were filled, and the father sat alone at one end on a stand that had been raised. The boy was in the congregation and when his father noticed him he called him up to help sing. It was a moment of severe trial, for though the boy had a good voice he felt ashamed to sing the Mormon hymns. Nevertheless he went up and did the best he could.

The father spoke and the boy, who had stepped into the congregation again, watched his face. Suddenly a new expression appeared there, and the boy

was startled by a strange feeling. He thought that his father must be speaking the truth after all. It was not a testimony; he was not converted, but he remembered the experience.

They embarked and set sail for the west, and it seemed to be into a sea of trouble. Cholera broke out on board. and the mother and the faithful old steward of the family died and were buried at sea. The passengers were quarantined and removed to hospitals. The father, the boy, and a younger brother were taken to the male ward; the only daughter and a servant-maid to the female. Both the little girl and the servant died and were buried in unknown graves. The boy recovered somewhat and though very weak made his way to his father's side. At his direction he hunted out the brother and propped him up in his bed. He returned and raised his father, but the distance was too great, the sick man strained his eyes but could not see his child.

One day the father called his hoy to him and said: "My son, all seems to have gone wrong with us. First your mother and the old steward left us, and now the little sister and the servant girl have gone. If anything should happen to me—I don't want you to feel bad, I don't think anything will—but if anything should happen to me, I want you to take your little brother and go to the place we set out for. I want you to go to Zion." Three days later the father died.

The boy at first did not heed his father's words but found associations in the East. At length he began thinking of them seriously and decided to obey them. He came to Utah and prospered for a time but an accident occurred that robbed him of his sight and he was left helpless. His relatives in Sweden wrote

and begged him to come back. They promised to give him the best medical treatment of the land, and in case that failed to provide abundantly for him through life. When he hesitated about returning they appealed to the Swedish consul here to seek personally to induce him to come.

The thought of living on the charity of strangers was unbearable to him and he had about decided to go when he was visited by two members of our Church. They reasoned with him and taught him the principles of the Gospel. They reminded him of his father's belief and steadfastness. They asked him if that honest man would have directed his two children to continue as he had begun, after wife, daughter and servants had perished and he lay on his deathbed, unless he had known without the shadow of a doubt that he had received the truth. They promised him that if he should be baptized he should never once be dependent on charity.

He believed them and was baptized, and never has he regretted it. The promise made before baptism was remarkably fulfilled. He has a testimony of the Gospel's truth that amounts to knowledge. He feels that the Lord has blessed him and has maintained and is maintaining a real care and protection over him.

The young Elder went from the meeting that night with strengthened faith. He felt ashamed of his doubts, and a calm conviction came into his heart that the Lord would guide his affairs also, if he would but trust in Him.

Eighty years bence it will matter little whether we were peasants or peers; but it will matter very much whether we did our duty as one or the other.

EFFCT OF EARLY HABITS.

It is an interesting as well as instructive practice for a person of mature years to recall to mind the acquaintances of his youth and trace their history and note what they have turned out to be in later years. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew gives the result of such a study made by himself, which shows some facts that are worthy of serious consideration. He says:

"Twenty-five years ago I knew every man, woman and child in Peekskill, N. Y. And it has been a study with me to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself to see what became of them. I was up last fall and began to count them over, and it was an instructive exhibit. Some of them became clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawvers and doctors. It is remarkable that every one of these that drank is dead: not one living of my age. Barring a few who were taken by sickness, every one who proved a wreck and wrecked his family did it from rum and no other cause. Of those who were church-going people, who were steady, who were frugal and thrifty, every single one of them without an exception owns the house in which he lives and has something laid by, the interest of which, with his house, would carry him through many a day."

If the results of the studies made in this line by other persons were given they would be found to corroborate in a marked degree those of Mr. Depew. Let any man reflect for a few moments upon the careers of his lifetime acquaintances and he will discover that the character of their early life has had its influence upon their future course. Young men, think of these facts, and strive to make a start on the proper course and keep it.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

PRESIDENT WILFORD WOODRUFF.

THE life of Wilford Woodruff, our honored president who so recently passed away, has been the chief subject of thought among Latter-day Saints the world over and among sober-minded men of all classes who knew him. It is a life worthy of study and meditation, for it is truly a remarkable one. student of humanity wonders at the vitality of the body that could sustain so many frightful accidents and live with unceasing vigor through so many hardships to such a length, and he venerates the man who could be so persistent in his labors, so brave in the face of all dangers and so unselfish in his whole course of action.

Wilford Woodruff was born in a village called Farmington, near Hartford, Connecticut, on the first day of March, 1807. He came of a sturdy race, and fortunately, for an ordinary child would never have lived through the accidents he suffered. When three years old he was almost scalded to death; a little later he fell from the beam of a barn striking his face on the ground; then he broke both arms, one after the other. At six years of age, among other things, he broke both bones of his leg, and during the next three years barely escaped death under a load of hay at one time and a wagon-box at another that had tipped over on him, and still later falling from an elm tree fifteen feet to the ground. When twelve he was drowned, but his body was recovered and life restored, and the next year he was almost frozen to death. At fourteen he struck his instep with an ax and split it open, and after he had recovered he was bitten in the hand by a mad dog. When seventeen he dislocated both ankles and broke his left leg in two places, through being thrown from a horse. In later life he had parts of his body frozen by the cold and had his breast-bone and three ribs broken under a falling tree.

But quick recovery followed in most of these cases, and his boyhood was in many ways a happy one. Early in life he came under the influence of Robert Mason, an old man who looked forward to the time when the Gospel should be on the earth again as it was in the days of the Savior. This man taught him to pray and to search seriously into religious matters. He prophesied, too, that President Woodruff should become prominent in the divine work when it was restored to earth.

In 1832 Brother Woodruff moved to New York state, and on the last day of the next year, December 31st, 1833, he was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church. Two days later he was ordained a Teacher. When Zion's Camp was organized he volunteered and went to Kirtland to be mustered in. He lodged for a week at the Prophet Joseph's home, and on the first day of May, 1834, he set out with the few who were ready. They were joined by the Prophet and the others later and all proceeded to Missouri.

Some of the Camp remained in Clay County, Missouri, and Brother Woodruff was among them. He worked hard during the summer, and when fall came he asked the Lord to give him a mission. His prayer was immediately answered; he was ordained a Priest and sent to Arkansas and Tennessee. He was compelled to bear the most severe hardships in his labors, but he showed the same wonderful strength and courage that he always possessed and was most successful in the ministry.

As illustrative of his experiences two of the incidents of this mission might be related Brother Woodruff and his companion after walking all day and spending a considerable part of the night wading through a swamp, were given supper and a bed by a trader and his Indian companions. In the morning the two men arose and after a good breakfast continued their journey. They had no food with them and they knew that it was sixty miles to the next settlement, but they went on. When night came they were in a forest and had lost their way. A pack of wolves gathered about them, but at length they found shelter, but no food, in a miserable hut. They slept on the floor without blankets and in the morning walked twelve miles more before they could get a breakfast.

At another time President Woodruff went one hundred and seventy miles through swamps, where the mud was most of the time uncomfortably deep, and at length reached Memphis, Tennessee. He went to the best tavern, told the keeper he was a preacher of the Gospel and asked for food and lodgings. agreement was made that Brother Woodruff would preach in return for being taken in, and the gentry of Memphis assembled to have an evening's enjoyment out of the mud-bespattered young Brother Woodruff read a hymn, but they would not sing. He said that he had not the gift of singing but would try to pray and preach. He kneeled down and asked the Lord to show the people's hearts to him and to inspire him with the Holy Spirit. He promised to speak what the Lord would put in his mouth. His sermon lasted an hour and a half, and was one of the best of his life. He told the people of their individual sins and what they must suffer for them. They were pricked to

the heart, and three minutes after he had dismissed not one of those five hundred persons was left in the room.

In the autumn of 1836 President Woodruff returned to Kirtland. He had been ordained a Seventy and the winter was spent in receiving endowments and in going to school. His endowments were given under the hands of the Prophet Joseph, and he was the last living man to have had that great blessing. In April 1837, President Woodruff married, and a month later set out for the Fox Islands as a missionary. These islands lie in Penobscot bay on the coast of Maine. Their inhabitants at that time numbered about one thousand eight hundred souls, whose occupation was mainly fishing. They were good, honest people and inclined to be religious.

While traveling to his field of labor he passed through his old home in Connecticut, and was kindly received by his relatives. Through his ministration his father's family and many of his old friends were brought into the Church. In his work on the Fox Islands he was very successful and baptized nearly a hundred persons. In the fall of 1838, he set out for Kirtland with those Saints who could gather at that time. The distance was about a thousand miles, and the hardships the company endured were very extreme. President Woodruff's wife, who was with him died on the way, but through his faith she was restored to life. He reached Rochester, Illinois, December 19th, 1838, and remained there until spring.

According to the revelation previously given to Joseph Smith, Wilford Woodruff was ordained an apostle on the 26th day of April, 1839, on the Temple lot at Far West, Jackson County, Missouri. This revelation was fulfilled at the danger of the lives of all who took part

in its fulfillment, for the death sentence was passed upon all "Mormons" who entered the state, and the Jackson County mob was especially bitter.

President Woodruff helped settle Nauvoo, but soon left on his mission to England. His wife was sick and he himself was suffering terribly from the chills and fever. On August 8th, 1839, he and John Taylor set out, being the first of the Twelve Apostles to depart. President Taylor was overcome on the way by bilious fever, and Brother Woodruff continued alone. They united again at New York, and sailed from there December 19th, 1839.

President Woodruff's English mission was a most marvelous one. He was led by the Lord to a very fruitful field and brought into the Church one thousand eight hundred persons in eight months. He returned to America in the spring of 1841 and spent several months in the East before going to Nauvoo. During the next year he went on a four-months mission to the eastern states. He was also engaged in missionary work there in 1844 when Joseph and Hyrum were martyred, but of course returned when that sad message was received.

After the Twelve Apostles had been recognized as the head of the Church, President Woodruff took a second mission to England. He presided over the British Saints during this trying time, and his faith and influence reassured the people. He acted also as the senior editor of the Millennial Star. He was released and returned in time to aid the Saints in withdrawing from Nauvoo in 1846, and he was one of the advance guard of the pioneer movement into the vast and barren West.

President Woodruff has been most prominent in establishing the commonwealth that now exists in these valleys. He has served the people as a legislator for many years, as a leader in a number of societies to spread intelligence and encourage industry, and by his example as an independent, untiring laborer.

His work in the Church has been continuous during all these years. When President Young died and Apostle John Taylor took his place at the head of the Church, Wilford Woodruff became the presiding officer of the Twelve Apostles. He remained in his position until appointed President of the Church, April 7th, 1889. His death in San Francisco on the second day of the current month removed him from his ministry here after a life of singular usefulness upon the earth.

Wilford Woodruff was born when the third president of the United States was in office; he passed away, while the twenty-fourth man to hold that position rules. During his life four of the five important wars of this country have been fought. His birth was in a state bordering the Atlantic Ocean, when much of the territory east of the Mississippi river was uninhabited by white men; his death was on the shore of the Pacific, when his country's domain extends from ocean to ocean and embraces the islands of the sea.

During his life the angel that the Revelator saw has flown through the midst of heaven, and he has been a mighty aid in preaching the everlasting Gospel to every nation, kindred, tongue and people. He joined the Church of Jesus Christ when it was made up of a few mercilessly persecuted Saints; he died as President of the Church, when the Saints number hundreds of thousands, when they enjoy peace, prosperity, and liberty, and when prejudice is fast disappearing. Truly his was a complete life and one worthy of study and

emulation by all men, but especially by those who loved and honored him as God's prophet here on earth.

The Editor.

"NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

Apostle, prophet, sage,
Thine earthly toils are past;
Evangelist of this latter age,
'Tis victory at last.
Pain did not dim the light
That filled his trustful eye,
Calmly he rested through the n
Morn bore his soul on high.

In the sweet evening skies,
Say, does the sun decline,
But into other realms to rise,
In splendor all divine.
So when a great man dies,
His glory does not fade;
But unto other realms to rise,
Untarnished undecayed.

It was not death to him,

No sadness touched his heart;
It thrills all with strange joy to known,

The good can thus depart.

And, O, when we shall pass

Death's gate, God grant us then

That we may reach the same bright realm,

And see his face again.

J. H. Ward.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPT. 6, 1898.

PRESIDENT WOODRUFF'S NOBLE TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

Guided by Inspiration.

President Woodruff was very susceptible to the promptings of the Spirit, and always sought the guidance of the Lord in every undertaking. By taking this course he was enabled to do much good and avoid many difficulties and disasters.

While upon his first mission to England he met with success in the Staffordshire potteries district. He was holding meetings frequently and baptizing many converts. He had many ap-

pointments ahead, and no doubt felt that there were many other honest, hearted people who would receive the truth before he left the district. In a meeting one evening while the first hymn was being sung the voice of inspiration whispered to him that that would be the last meeting he would hold with that people for many days. astonished at this, but when he arose to speak he announced to the congregation the fact revealed to him by the Spirit. The next morning he inquired of the Lord what he should do. The answer he got was that he should go south, as there were many souls there waiting for the word of the Lord. He at once obeyed and there found a society of over six hundred people who were searching for the truth. When he proclaimed it to them they received it joyfully, and he baptized the whole number with the exception of one man. During eight months he brought over 1800 souls into the Church in that field.

In 1848 while on his way to perform a mission assigned to him, he stopped over night at a place in Indiana. He and part of his family were intending to sleep in the carriage in which they were traveling, and after retiring for the night a still, small voice told him to get up and move his carriage. He did so, and as he was again retiring to rest the same voice whispered, "Go and move your mules away from that oak tree." This he did also, and again went to his bed. In half an hour a whirlwind broke the trunk of the large oak tree off near the ground, carried it one hundred vards and laid it prostrate where his carriage had been standing. Had he failed to obey the promptings of the Spirit he and those of his family who were with him, as well as his mules would in all probability have been killed.

In 1850, while at Pittsburg on his way to Utah with a large company of Saints from Boston he engaged passage for himself and the Saints on a certain river steamer. After doing so the Spirit warned him against traveling on that boat. He heeded the warning and took another steamer. After traveling five miles down the river the steamboat he was warned against took fire, and nearly all of the two hundred passengers it caried perished, while he and his company arrived safely at their destination.

Promptness to Duty.

President Woodruff was noted for his remarkable activity and readiness. Whenever a duty presented itself he would go at once to perform it, and not leave it for some future time, when it might possibly be neglected or forgotten. This valuable trait of character was exhibited upon many occasions throughout his life.

In 1839, he was called upon a mission to England. When the day for starting arrived he got up from a sick bed, administered to his wife who was also ill and took his departure without purse or scrip.

When he arrived in Salt Lake Valley with President Young and the Pioneers, at noonday, July 24th, 1847, he at once went to work planting potatoes. Realizing it was already late in the season for planting, he made no delay.

Knew the Power of Testimony.

President Woodruff always availed himself of every favorable opportunity to testify to the truth of the Gospel. He well knew the good that might thus be accomplished. He realized that the honest, simple testimony of a humble follower of Christ did more toward leading men to investigate the truths of the Gospel than any amount of argument. No

doubt his individual testimony has been heard and read by more people than that of any other man in the Church.

His Habits of Economy.

President Woodruff was an economical and frugal man. He always sought to avoid extravagance and waste. He once made the remark: "I have seldom in my life given a note, and I have made it a rule never to buy anything I could not pay for. In my opinion, a man should pay for what he gets or go without. I have taught this rule to my family, and we have followed it.

An Industrious Man.

There was no false pride about President Woodruff, and he was very unpretentious. He was a hard worker and was not ashamed of honest toil. Only a few years ago he discovered that he was getting old. He had spent a day hoeing potatoes with his grandson, and then for the first time he found out that he could not outdo a younger man than himself working in the field.

Effect of His Preaching.

The following paragraphs from the little work entitled "Leaves from my Journal," written by President Woodruff, furnish an illustration of the effect of his humble preaching. The circumstances related occurred during his missionary labors in the south of England in the year 1840. He says:

On Sunday, the 8th, I preached at Frome's Hill in the morning, at Standley Hill in the afternoon, and at John Benbow's, Hill Farm, in the evening.

The parish church that stood in the neighborhood of Brother Benbow's, presided over by the rector of the parish, was attended during the day by only fifteen persons, while I had a large congregation, estimated to number a

thousand, attend my meetings through the day and evening.

When I arose in the evening to speak at Brother Benbow's house, a man entered the door and informed me that he was a constable, and had been sent by the rector of the parish with a warrant to arrest me.

I asked him "For what crime?"

He said, "For preaching to the people."

I told him that I, as well as the rector, had a license for preaching the Gospel to the people, and that if he would take a chair I would wait upon him after meeting.

He took my chair and sat beside me. I preached the first principles of the everlasting Gospel for an hour and a quarter. The power of God rested upon me, the Spirit filled the house, and the people were convinced.

At the close of the meeting I opened a door for baptism, and seven offered themselves. Among the number were four preachers and the constable.

The latter arose and said, "Mr. Woodruff, I would like to be baptized."

I told him I would like to baptize him. I went down to the pool and baptized the seven. We then met together and I confirmed thirteen, and broke bread unto the Saints and we all rejoiced together.

The constable went to the rector and told him if he wanted Mr. Woodruff taken up for preaching the Gospel, he must go himself and serve the writ, for he had heard him preach the only true Gospel sermon he had ever listened to in his life.

The rector did not know what to make of it, so he sent two clerks of the Church of England as spies, to attend our meeting, and find out what we did preach.

But they were both pricked in their hearts and received the word of the Lord gladly, and were baptized and confirmed members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The rector became alarmed and did not dare to send anybody else.

One mighty soul has departed, Of earth's most noble sons; One who has stood ever valiant Among God's chosen ones. Mighty in deeds of true greatness, Yet tender, kind and mild: Mighty in faith, while humble, And trusting as a child; Mighty in power with heaven, To call down from above Blessings of God on the righteous-The subjects of His love. Valiant for truth and the Gospel-Great champion of their cause; Valiant for Christ's glorious kingdom, Upholding all its laws Model of honor and virtue For years he has remained-Honor that stood untarnished, And virtue pure, unstained. Well might we seek e'er to follow The course he chose to pursue, Strive to acquire his fair graces, His heroism true. Faithful to death he continued And well his race was won, Sure is his hope of salvation-His work was nobly done. Long may his memory he cherished. And worldwide spread his fame, Endless his glory in heaven. Immortal be his name.

PROFIT FROM A PLAGUE.

AFTER rabbits were introduced into New Zealand they increased so rapidly there that they became a curse to the country. Efforts were made to destroy them, but without success. The ingenuity and enterprise of the people of that land have now made a profitable business of what once appeared to be an evil that could not be remedied. Men

are now engaged in trapping the rabbits and exporting them in a frozen condition to other markets, just as they ship their mutton. One exporter shipped off 700,000 rabbits last year and expects to more than double his business this year. It is estimated that in all some five or six millions of the little animals will be frozen and sent away during the present year. This will bring in some \$700,000 as proceeds of the industry.

CHARITY IN JUDGING CHARACTER.

HASTY judgment of the actions of others is dangerous and often unjust. We measure too much by superficial appearance and condemn hastily, when, if we but knew and understood the motives and reasons, we would warmly approve. We sometimes say of some one: "That pain, sorrow or loss, has not deeply affected him." But we do not know. It is like the death of a few of the soldiers in front of a regiment. The broken ranks close up again into the solid phalanx, and the loss is not apparent. There may be no disorganization, no surrender, no craving for pity, no display of despair. It is like the calm, dazzling play of the waves warmed by the morning's sun after a night of storm and disaster; there is no sign of the wreck, the tide has carried the debris away far out on the ocean, the treacherous water has swallowed up all signs and tokens of the night's awful work. We see only the fairness of the morning, not the suffering of the night. Let us be charitable in our judgment, and condenin not when we do not know .-- IVm. George Jordan.

Zeal without judgment is like gunpowder in the hands of a child.

Our Dittle Folks.

HOLLAND'S NEW QUEEN.

On September 6th, Princess Wilhelmina Helena Pauline Maria, daughter of the late King William III and of his wife, Princess Emnia, was crowned queen of Holland. The ceremony took place at Amsterdam, the capital city of the kingdom.

The young queen was born on the 31st of August, 1880. By the law of Holland she becomes of age at eighteen. Her father died eight years ago, and since that time till the day she was crowned her mother was queen-regent, that is governor in place of the queen during the latter's years of minority or childhood.

AN INCIDENT IN WILHELMINA'S LIEE.

WHEN Wilhelmina, who was recently crowned Queen of the Netherlands, was a child, her father often refused to see her for days at a time. This dislike of the innocent baby, which she repaid with a passionate devotion, was the result of her being a daughter instead of a son. Wilhelmina's mother, Queen Emma, grieved constantly over this unjust resentment, and she finally planned a ruse to win King William's favor for his baby girl. The king was very fond of flowers, and a bouquet of the choicest blossoms always adorned his breakfast table. One morning at meal time, as he bent over to inhale a great bank of roses which filled the centre of the table, a baby face peeped at him from its midst and two soft arms crept round his neck, while a tiny voice exclaimed, "Oh, papa, take me out of the flowers; they prick me so!" And the

king, so runs the story, took her in his arms and loved her ever after.

TOYS IN JAPAN.

THE "Paradise of Babies" is Japan, for not only do the children have every imaginable toy, but many persons get their living by amusing them. Men go about the streets and blow soap bubbles for them with pipes that have no bowls as ours have. These young Japs have tops, stilts, pop-guns, blow-guns, magic lanterns, kaleidoscopes, wax-figures, terra cotta animals, flying-fish and dragons, masks, puzzles and games; butterflies and beetles that flutter about; turtles that move their legs and pop out their heads; birds that fly about, and peck the fingers and whistle; pasteboard targets that, when hit, burst open and let a winged figure fly out; and-most wonderful of all, perhaps—little dolls looking like elder pith which, thrown into bowls of warm water, slowly expand into the shape of a boat, or a fisherman, a tree, flower, crab or bird.

The girls of Japan have dolls' furniture and dishes, and, of course, dolls. They have dolls that walk and dance; dolls that put on a mask when a string is pulled; dolls dressed to represent nobles, ladies, minstrels, mythological and historical personages. Dolls are handed down for generations, and in some families are hundreds of them. They never seem to get broken or worn out, as yours do; and in fact they can hardly be the dear playmates that yours are. They are kept as a sort of show; and, though the little owners play with them, they do not dress and undress them and take them to bed, as you do. A good deal of the time they are rolled up in silk paper and packed away in a

trunk. On the great festival day of the Japanese girls—the Feast of Dolls—there is a great show of dolls and toys, and it is the event of the year for the queer little black eyed maidens.

The Feast of Flags is the boys' great day, and they have banners, flags, figures of warriors and great men, swords and other toys for boys.

But the finest toy of Japan—as no doubt all you youngsters will agree—is carried about the streets by a man or woman for any child to play with who is the owner of the hundredth part of a cent, or one "cash."

This is a small charcoal stove with hot coals, a copper griddle, spoons and cups; and, above all, ready-made batter and sauce. The happy child who hires this outfit can sit down on the floor and cook and eat "griddle-cakes" to its heart's content. Could anything be nicer?

Perhaps you boys would prefer to patronize the "Bug Man," who fastens paper carts to the backs of beetles with bits of wax, and a half dozen of them will draw a load of rice up quite a hill—made of a hoard.

THE MAN OF GOD.

Once more let sacred silence wrap the earth,

And hush the sound of laughter and of mirth!

Ye Saints, with reverence bow, and softly tread:

Your President, the man of God, is dead!

For him, a glad hosanna might ascend, In glorious victory all his struggles end; But tears befit the loss which Zion bears,

And for his stricken family, fervent prayers.

From California's balmy, floral breast, The word is wafted over all the west; And eastern lands and islands of the sea Will shortly know the man of God is free—

Free from the mortal part, which held so long

The spirit, valient, faithful, pure and strong:

Free to press on, in joyous life, anew, With Joseph, Brigham, and John Taylor too.

What glorious freedom to a mind so grand,

The mysteries of God to understand More clearly than he knew them while on earth,

And sense more fully their eternal worth!

But though so free, in higher life to move,

Unto his bretnren here, he still will prove

A staunch, true friend, in works of righteousness,

To warn, reprove, encourage, cheer, and bless.

How blessed are the Saints of God, to

Their Prophet dead, still acts with them below;

And that his power to aid will still increase,

To hasten on the time of rest and peace:

Oh, Zion! while you mourn a Prophet dead,

Wilford, the man of God, your noble head,

Pray to the Lord, His kingdom to extend O'er all the earth, that wickedness may end.

Pray that the Son of God may soon appear

In glory, to accept His kingdom here; This Zion to unite with heaven above, In works of holiness and songs of love. Henceforth, of California will be told, A sweeter story than her tale of gold: Relief from care was sought, and heavenly rest

Came to the man of God on her fair breast.

Let not the Saints grow weary in the strife,

For lasting riches and eternal life;
But follow humbly where so meekly trod,
For more than ninety years, that man
of God.

L. L. Greene-Richards. September 2nd, 1898.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S KINDNESS.

THREE tiny kittens were crawling about the tent at the time. The mother had died, and the little wanderers were expressing their grief by mewing piteously. Mr. Lincoln picked them up, took them on his lap, stroked their soft fur and murmured: 'Poor little creatures, you'll be taken good care of," and turning to Bowers, said: "Colonel, I hope you will see that these little motherless waifs are given plenty of milk and treated kindly." Bowers replied: "I will see, Mr. President, that they are taken in charge by the cook of our mess, and are well cared for." Several times during his stay Mr. Lincoln was found fondling these kittens. He would wipe their eyes tenderly with his handkerchief, stroke their smooth coats, and listen to them purring their gratitude to him. It was a curious sight at an army headquarters, upon the eve of a great military crisis in the nation's history, to see the hand which had affixed the signature to the Emancipation Proclamation, and had signed the commissions of all the heroic men who served the cause of the Union, from the general-in-chief to the lowest lieutenant, tenderly caressing three stray kittens. It well illustrated the kindness of the man's disposition, and showed the child-like simplicity which was mingled with the grandeur of his nature.—From Campaigning with Grant.

FOR RECITATION.

At The Set of the Sun.

At the set of the sun,
When our work is done,
With all its tangled web;
When the clouds drift low,
And the stream runs slow,
And life is at its ebb,

As we near the goal,
When the golden bowl
Shall be broken at its fount;
With what sweetest thought
Shall the hour be fraught,
What precious most shall we count?

Not the flame of the sword,

Nor the wealth we have stored
In perishable things of earth—
Not the way we have trod
With the intellect broad,
Though that were of precious worth;

Nor the gain we achieved.

Through the hearts we have grieved,

And left unhelped by the way;
Nor the laurel of fame,
When, for worldly acclaim,
We toiled in the heat and the fray.

Ah, no! 'tis not these
Will give our hearts ease,
When life sinks low in the west:
But the passing sweet thought
Of the good we have wrought,
The saddened lives we have blest.

And the love we have won,
And the love beckoning on
From His islands far and dim;
Love out of the light,
Shining into the night,
The night which leadeth to Him.

Boston Transcript.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

LEORIN, IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER Box.—My father and I went to Menan to a ward jubilee one Sunday. I am eleven years old. We have two canary birds, the name of one is Fred and the other is Dick. We live near a creek and in the summer I can take my fishing pole and line and catch a lot of fish—trout, too. We live nine and a half miles from Idaho Falls.

Stanly Ray Bybee.

Mancos, Colo.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—We live seven miles from the place where Sunday School is held and five miles from the place where Primary and day school are held. I rode to school on horse-back three months last year, and stayed with grandmother and went the other three months in the winter.

My grandma keeps a dairy in the mountains in the summer, and I go and help her sometimes.

I am thirteen years old.

Pearl Willden.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: My mamma just started to take the INSTRUCTOR a few months ago. We are delighted with the many nice little stories and letters which are published in it. Our

PIMA, GRAHAM CO., ARIZONA.

letters which are published in it. Our country is beautiful with its loaded trees and fields of grain. We have good Sunday Schools and Primaries.

Florence Walch, age 11 years.

FAIRVIEW, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-Box: Last summer I hauled coal while my father was digging it. The coal mine is about fifteen miles east of Fairview, Sanpete County, across the mountain. If some of the little girls and boys who write for the JUVENILE could go with me, they would see much to write about. There is a toll-road in the canyon which has some steep hills in it. One day the brake-block came out while going down one of the hills, but our horses were so good to mind me that I got down all right.

John Andrew Peterson, age 11 years.

BOUNTIFUL, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I have eight brothers and two sisters. I have also a pet cat which is very knowing. Whenever I sit down where it is it jumps upon my lap and tries to get me to play with it. It is gray.

Sarah L. Maley, age 10 years.

SANTAQUIN, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: In the spring of 1394 l had a severe spell of heart-failure. The doctor gave up all hope of my recovery and said it was almost impossible for me to get well. But my father and mother had great faith in the Lord, and after my grandpa and papa had administered to me I slowly recovered. At times my Uncle Charles L. Olsen would come and play some of the sweetest music on his violin. That too, seemed to give me new life.

Hoping we may all trust in our Heavenly Father, I will close my little letter.

Lizzie O. Borgeson, age 8 years.

GOSHEN, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I have not read any letters from Goshen and thought I would write one. I go to Sunday School and Primary and Religion Class. Our Religion Class has not been organized long. My papa has taken the JUVENILE ever since I can remember. My little brother and I are anxious for it to come so we can hear the stories; we always spend our evenings reading them. I think it is much better than to go out on the street. We always keep our JUVENILES on the shelf where the baby can not reach them, for we get them bound when the year is up, and they make a nice book.

Bella Powelson, age 10 years.

MARION, CASSIA Co., IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER-Box: I will tell you about the first dinner I got ready. I set the table nicely, then I put a saucepan on the stove and put some cold water and eggs in it; there was no fire in the stove. I called papa and mamma from their work; they laughed when they came in.

It is four years since I got that dinner. Mamma taugh me to set the table and I thought I could do the rest. I can get dinner ready now. I am the oldest girl of the family, and I know how to do all kinds of house work, and am learning to knit, sew, and crochet. I hope to grow up to be a good and useful woman.

Viola Hale, age 10 years.

MME. CARNOT'S KINDLY PROMISE.

MME. Carnot, widow of the murdered French statesman, is living in seclusion near Paris with her children and grand-children. Recently the brother of her husband's murderer wrote her saying that, owing to his relationship to the assassin, no one would give him employment. Mme. Carnot saw the hardness of the case, and at once promised to keep him in work as long as he lives.

TO DICK.

At Two Years.

Dear Little Dick:

These lines I write
Within your album here,
In hope that they may meet your sight
In some far distant year
When you are old enough to guess—
—You tricky little elf—

The sorrow I can't quite express— By feeling it yourself.

I mean the many, many times
You've doomed me—Dick—to miss
A joy that can't be told in rhymes—
By grudging me—a kiss.
How often have I stretched my arms—

Elusive little tot!--

To clasp thy dainty, muslined form, And found—that it was not!

Oh! if I were but beautiful—
A sweet revenge I'd plan!
I'd make your cup of sorrow full
When you're a grown-up man—
By placing here my photograph
To make you feel as bad

As I do now — you ncedn't laugh —

—For things you might have had!

Full well I know—what I feel
Of dire chagrin—years hence
Would be as naught—could I but steal
Into that future tense—
And see revealed in life and deed—

What shows in outline now-

The noble future I can read
Upon thy baby brow.

But, though for these aforesaid things,
A grudge I long must bear,
Yet always in my heart there springs
For thee this fervent prayer—
That ever for thee there may live
A balm for Fate's worst prick;

And all the best that life can give
Be thine—dear little Dick! J. S.

A WIDE-AWAKE MERCHANT.

"Hot? well you should have been with me for the past ten days—don't think we ever had such extreme heat in Utah."

This was my answer to a question directed to me by a portly looking gentleman of about forty whom I found sitting in front of a large general store in one of the liveliest towns in Utalı.

I might say right here that one seldom meets a more genial man than my acquaintance proved to be. His sharp and well defined features showed plainly that he was a man of no ordinary intelligence, and as he stroked his long flowing beard one was impressed by his genial mannerism and good natured countenance. He was comfortably attired in a neat suit of light gray and his general appearance was one of prosperity, his face portraying no traces of care or privation.

"Things are pretty quiet these hot days," I suggested, to which he answered, "Well I must really say that I have no cause to complain, if a man attends strictly to business on the live and let live principle, there is no reason why he should not get along; of course we have our good and our dull seasons to which I guide myself; everybody for miles around knows me, and as I treat rich and poor alike they all feel at home at my store. They are welcome at all Of course many who come are on a purchasing expedition, and I try to please them in every respect so that there shall be no feelings of dissatisfaction on account of the goods they buy of me. They seem to appreciate this treatment and call again; besides they claim they can buy cheaper of me than elsewhere. Why? I sell my goods on a limited margin, and then I buy cheaper than merchants who are not wide awake. How I account for it? Well. I read other people's advertisements. It happens very frequently that I find articles advertised in the JUVENILE INSTRUC-TOR for much less money than I can buy the same thing in quantities from the manufacturers. I tell you that paper is a great money saver for me: only a short time ago I bought some men's underwear of the New York Cash Store they had advertised for fifty cents and sold it for eighty-five cents. I would have to pay the manufacturer seventy-five cents for the same thing. I don't know how they do it, they must loose money on these goods. Oh yes! Everybody that reads the JUVENILE could buy the goods for the same price as I do, but they don't seem to realize the advantages to be gained by reading these advertisements, and consequently pay me 35 cents more than they could really get the goods for. Of course when I see goods sold as low as this I buy all they will sell me. Does it require much capital to do business this way? Well, considerable. Of course a person can always borrow money, now I don't think it's a good thing for anybody to borrow money, rather pay more for your goods, but still, there are times when one just has to; in such cases I usually write up to Miller & Veile, Mc-Cornick Block, Salt Lake, I find them about the most agreeable people to do business with in that line. Oh yes, I handle mostly everything that's generally used, my shoe trade has fallen off considerably though. Sometime ago I put in a big stock of shoes made by Robin-

son Brothers up in Salt Lake, they had steel circlets in the soles; they were the cause of my shoe trade falling off so much, it just seems as though the people couldn't wear them out, some I sold a year ago are in use yet. No, I haven't always been as good a business man as now, or I would have been rich long ago. It's my two boys that made me; I sent them up to the Salt Lake Business College for a business education, and I tell you they taught me a thing or two when they got back. a while my store wasn't big enough to hold them, and now they are up in Salt Lake conducting a successful business of their own."

Just then my acquaintance paused with a far distant look upon his face, no doubt his thoughts were with his boys. I have learned much by the story of my genial acquaintance.

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SEPTEMBER 6, 1898.

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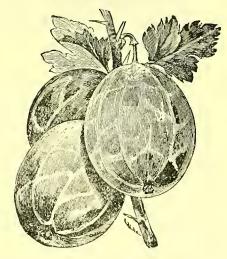
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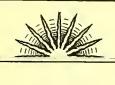
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CURRENT TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JULY 17th, 1898.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2-For Provo, Grand Junction and all
points East 8:30 a. m. No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all
points East
points East 7:40p. m. No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti,
Beiknap, Kichfield and all intermediate
points 8:00 a. m. No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all
No. 8-For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all
intermediate points 5:00 p. m. No. 3—For Ogden and the West 9:05 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West 9:05 p. m.
NO. I—FOR Orden and the West 19:20 p. v.
No. 42.—Leaves Salt Lake City for Park City and intermediate points at 8:25 a. m.
A DDTUES AM CALM TARREST STEEL STEEL
ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.
No. 1-From Bingham, Provo, Grand June-
tion and the East
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the
Kast
nap, Richfield, Manti and all intermediate
DOINTS F.Or
NO. 2—From Ogden and the West 9:20 5
NO. 4—From Ogden and the West 7:30 p m
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all
intermediate points10:00 a. m.
No. 41.—Arrives from Park City and Inter-

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